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FRANK QUEEN,
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THE CHARMS OF THE FAIR; OR, DALLYINGS WITH THE GIRL WE LOVE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
By the Author of
"SUSIE KNIGHT."

THE FIRST EVENING.

LIII.

"She knows your business better than you can;
She keeps a journal of your daily life;
And, if you chance to be a married man,
Retells your doings to your loving wife.
It must be part of Nature's all-wise plan
To let such ones stir up connubial strife—
At least they take the liberty to do it;<—
So, married men, be virtuous or you'll rue it.

LIV.

"Of course the gossips found some row was up
With Jones, so vowed they'd fathom this new matter;
They found they'd got a rich and racy cup
To drain, and therefore made unusual chattering.
One called upon 'My love,' was asked to sup,
And fired so many leading questions at her;
That she discovered all she sought to know,
And then said to her friends, 'I told you so.'

LV.

"But in return she found what Jones was doing,
And told his erring wife about the same;
That they would be divorced at the ensuing
Court term. She also learned the lawyer's name,
And felt that she had set that pot a stewing;
And was content, boys, with a gossip's fame.
Meantime my pretty friend was glad to learn
This news; although with anger she did burn.

LVI.

"She turned the matter over in her brain,
And after giving it an earnest thought
She hit upon a plan both sure and plain,
Which was into a certain plot soon wrought.
Eyes will look bright when one is 'raising Cain,'
And hers shone like two morning dew drops caught
And bottled up—a good thing for that Barnum
Among his old and worn out relics—darn em!

LVII.

"She donned her hood and shawl, and sauntered out
And walked along down town to Chambers street,
From thence to Wall. Some saw her on her route,
And wondered what a woman young and neat
In Cheatum's dusty place should be about:
And Cheatum, who was seated with his feet
Upon his desk, not seeing many beauties,
Felt wonder too—the clerks forgot their duties.

LVIII.

"But she was dignified and self possessed,
And took the proffered seat with quiet grace;
Said she had come to see his honor, lest
He'd get a wrong impression of her case.
But Cheatum's legal lore was then non est,
He only saw a pretty woman's face.
And prettier form, and plump and snowy arms;
And bowed a willing captive to her charms.

LIX.

"She asked him kindly if he wouldn't call
And see her at the place where she did stay—
O, never boy, since Eve and Adam's fall
Did artful woman fail to win the day!
Of course the lawyer called, that wasn't all,
He found it very hard to get away;
He quite forgot his somewhat ancient bride,
Or his retention on the other side.

LX.

"The lady, with her free and easy style,
Was too much for the virtue of a lawyer;
She gave him glance for glance and smile for smile,
And yet appeared both shy and modest; for your
True fascinators yield to you a while.
Then settle down, and by their firmness draw your
Deep passions out; yeal to their fullest tension—
But more concerning that I will not mention.

LXI.

"At last the lawyer got his arm around
The lady's waist; she made no great resistance,
And he was free to adduce no other demand
Such joy as this in all his past existence.
Yet hoped the bliss by more might still be crowned:
Fruition he saw pictured in the distance,
And he was led through pleasant ways by Fancy,
Which holds our thoughts by strongest necromancy.

LXII.

"Her dress became unbuttoned, and the wealth
Of snowy charms was brought in fuller view;
The lawyer's hands got on those globes by stealth,
And closer to himself her form he drew.
Of course it don't improve the moral health
Of married men, such things as these to do:
But you'd have done the same, and I had done it,
And so we'll pass no judgment harsh upon it.

LXIII.

"Few women were voluptuous as she,
O'er all things else her passions got the start;
Beneath her bearing, which was somewhat free;
She really had a very loving heart,
As any one who knew her well could see:
Moreover, she possessed that winning art
Which men call artlessness. She had, besides,
Some intellect, and but a little pride.

LXIV.

"But now she had a purpose—love 'twas not—
Which led her to permit such things as these;
But by and by that purpose was forgot,
And she was lost in dreamy, sensual ease.
Tis all the same in palace or in cot,
A woman likes to hesitate, and tease
Her lover; but she finds at last he yields
The stronger power, and so—so she yields.

LXV.

"The lawyer, drunken with her wondrous charms,
Was lost to everything except the grace
Of her rich beauty. She had thrown her arms
Around his neck and hid her handsome face
Upon his shoulder; free from all alarms,
They quite forgot all but that pleasant place:
Then dreamt Love's dream, which is such perfect bliss
That angels have no deeper joy than this.

LXVI.

"The 'injured' wife had things all her own way,
And won, as you may well suppose, the cause.
A handsome woman carries off the day,
Especially with our New York State laws.
L Chestnut pocketed, of course, his pay,
But made no plea and tried to pick no flaws;
And so the lady was revenged completely,
And bled her angry, jealous husband neatly."

LXVII.

"Here Kappa finished. Lambada was asleep,
And had been for a half an hour or more;
And Upsilon, who'd 'guzzled' somewhat deep,
Was sleeping too, and giving snore for snore.
I, who had fell I could not longer keep
Awake, was glad the thrilling tale was over;
I'd stepped outside of all the Tom and Jerry,
And drank with relish the remaining sherry.

LXVIII.

"But ere we left the room we passed a vote
That Kappa for verbosity should pay
The bills; which was a very curious note
He said. But largest numbers win the day;
And so he planked the dust—or, rather, wrote
A due bill for the same—that was his way.
Then home we went, to bed, and dreamt of glory,
Somewhat too light, perhaps, I' the upper story.



THOMAS BAKER.

MUSICAL COMPOSER AND DIRECTOR.

For Biographical Sketch, see another Column.

LXX.

"And now, dear reader, I've rehearsed the tale
As it was told by Kappa; so adieu.
I'll drink a glass of Burton's prime old ale,
And then will write the second night for you.
I drink your healths, and hope I shall not fail
To interest the many, or the few.
Who've got the common sense to read that ripper
Of a sporting journal called The NEW YORK CLIPPER.
END OF PART FIRST.

THE LIBERTINE AND HIS VICTIM;

OR,

THE DOOM OF THE PROFLIGATE.

A TALE OF

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE

LOVE, AND CRIME;

The Theatre, Turf, Ring, and Bagno.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

The result of this affair was that Charley and Miss got a long term in the State Prison. Oliver induced them, by promises of using his influence, to get their sentences suspended, to sign a full confession of the means they had used to ensnare John Nolan, which was transmitted to the Governor of the State, with the necessary representations, and so in consequence received a free pardon. Nothing, however, could be got out of them implicating Nolan, or giving a clue to Bill the Tiger's hiding place.

Bill the Tiger was dreadfully fuddled by the apprehension of his friends, and the doings of the law. He felt that he was now far from safe, as he knew not where he could go to get into a position they would not be able to get him into. He regretted now that he had hampered himself in his confession of a woman who would probably prove more dangerous to him than she was all worth. He did not desire to return to the cavern, as he knew not how soon it might be visited, and he applied to Nolan for concealment in the iron room, but that individual was already sufficiently compromised by the events that had already occurred, and it needed all his caution, influence, and a pretty neat sum of money to ward off the threatened blow at his responsibility, every avenue, whether by land or water, was closely watched; and driven to the verge of despair Bill one night paid a visit to the Colonel and claimed for a time protection with him, and, as may be imagined from the relations which existed between them, got it. In the same room, which was lighted only by a small window, the roof of which was accommodated with a lodging-house to anytions of the kind he had enjoyed since his removal to Rochelle College with his mother.

The Colonel did not exactly like the measure of this addition to his establishment, on the contrary, he may be held to be a settled fact that his dismay was intense, and he would himself administer to it was absolutely necessary that he should himself administer to all his wants, and he was in no way to be compelled to do so. To aggravate his distress, Nolan was continually increasing in the urgency of his demands, until at last the power she now held in his hands did not hesitate to make use of every occasion.

The Colonel was not the only man who felt this, the rest of the young ladies were now subjected to the same restriction they had never felt before, and as an instant of indecision, which though frequently complained of, the colonel did not dare to let it be known that he at least took no steps to prevent it.

Bill's move not only caused an immense amount of uneasiness, but it got by the disposal of Miss. He was to do with her, and more or less in mind which blighted his cheer and made him quite at the horizon of their import, but however sum to another to do the deed he wished, he dare not accomplish it with his own hands.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

JULIA HARRISON AND MADAME RESTEL'S PUPILS BECOME RATHER GAY—THE ADULTERIN'S DOGUE—DEACON RICHARDSON CATCHES HIS PASTOR IN A RATHER DELICATE SITUATION—TOM LORING, THE PIMP—A CASE OF BIRWATH HORSES—BLANCHE MARGATON RUINED, SHOT BY THE PIMP AND THEN BY FRANK BEVERLY—INSULT ADDED TO INJURY—THE PULPIT AND STAGE EMBRACE—THE COUPLE, OVER A WHILE WHO IS NO WIFE AT ALL—JEMMY, THE COUPLE, OVER A WHILE WHO IS NO WIFE AT ALL.

JULIA HARRISON did not remain long unaware of the havoc which Frank Beverly had made among the pupils of Madame Restel, and the trembled lest some unfortunate accident might lead to discovery. This feeling was not by any means allayed by the conduct of the young ladies themselves, who, having once tasted of the sweets of stolen bliss, were not slow in adopting measures to secure further pleasure.

With almost an unlimited amount of money, it was a part of their education that they should be permitted to indulge in any quantity of dress they pleased; and as Madame could not possibly be with them on every occasion they wished to purchase a ribbon or a pair of gloves, they had plenty of opportunity to spend it in a more than as they chose. Formerly this was devoted to gambling about and shopping, small talk and making idle talk with Madame Restel, but now it was the sole object of their existence to satisfy their appetites. Frank, satiated with his share in the transaction, was both unable and unwilling to meet the claims made upon his earnings, so a new order of things was instituted; for, instead of filling her house with a bevy of female boarders, like Miss White or Mother Simpson, she provided a supply of handsome and wealthy young fellows, whose duty it was to please her amanuensis to the best of their ability. Card photographs were shown to her visitors, and each selected from the lot the party he desired to be introduced to; the meeting generally took place in the picture gallery, from whence access could easily be had to various apartments.

Another arrangement which Madame Restel's pupils now became partial to was the insertion in the papers of an advertisement to the effect that a young lady of undoubted respectability, and a good many other things, was desirous of forming the ac-

quaintance of a young gentleman "with a view to matrimony." At the same time a photographic portrait of the applicant was requested. This enabled them to get hold of strangers to whose appearance they might take a fancy; and as Miss Harrison's was not exactly a place which it was desirous to expose, they found their way to houses of notorious repute, and soon became acquainted with the style and habits of their inmates. The style they did not adopt because they could afford a better, but in their habits they were equal—not even one of Mother Simpson's wretched assistants, dragged down to their degradation by the wiles of villainy and compelled by the iron hand of necessity to continue their avocation, could beat these educated and high born ladies in lust or obscenity.

Many of Miss Harrison's neighbors did wonder at the number of visitors who constantly thronged her door: but of those there were such a gaudy sprinkling of the carriages of people of well known reputation that the tongue of scandal dare not presume to say aught against her.

Among those who had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Miss Harrison was Mr. Richardson, deacon in the church of Rev. Adolphus Plantagenet. These gentlemen were both acquainted with her private character, but neither of them had ever seen or a moment that the other visited her, but at a meeting of the congregation, and in the course of their parochial duties.

But it so happened, one day, that the Deacon called on Miss Harrison, and as she was then engaged was shown into one of the drawing rooms. Here he amused himself for a time gazing over some books upon the table. But soon tiring of this, he walked through the folding doors into the room at the back, when, recollecting that he was in the vicinity of the Picture Gallery, which he had often previously visited, he applied his hand to the spring, and opening the door, was about to step in—when a sight met his eyes which riveted him to the spot.

On a lounge in the centre of the apartment was his Pastor, the Rev. Adolphus, toying in a very free and easy manner with a young girl whose dishevelled attire and burning blushes were told him that their *amour-propre* had been anything but a freezing encounter.

She started up quickly and retreated into an adjoining chamber, while the Reverend gentleman, in blank amazement, gazed upon the statue-like figure of the Deacon in the doorway but he recovered himself almost instantly and advanced, holding out his hand—

"Ah! my worthy Brother, you find me in rather an unhappy situation: retiring here with that young lady, that we might enjoy an uninterrupted conversation for a little while, she suddenly became unwell and was just recovering when you appeared so opportunely to aid me."

"Nothing in the world would afford me more pleasure, but I am afraid my ministrations might not prove so acceptable as you suppose," replied the Deacon. "She appears to have got over it pretty well now—I guess she'll do for the present;" and the old man, taking the clergyman's arm, left the room, and leading him to another, motioned him to take a seat; and sitting down beside him commenced a conversation which lasted for some time, and terminated, apparently, to their mutual satisfaction. Shortly afterwards Miss Harrison entered the room and, though a little surprised to find the two gentlemen together, entered into a sprightly conversation with them both on Church matters. Thus did these two, a hypocritical palaver among them, all well knowing each other's wickedness, and yet, under the cloak of religion, trying to look respectable in each other's eyes.

But this meeting was fraught with many difficulties, which none of them anticipated. Miss Harrison had been engaged, when Mr. Richardson called, with one of her male boarders, who had for some reason or other got discontented and displeased, threatening to quit her establishment and, excepting certain exorbitant demands he made were immediately complied with, to unmask her in the eyes of the world. This was he confident he could not do, as the story he would probably get up would be so gross that no one would credit it, and so he defied him; but she did not calculate the effect it might have on her customers. However, on reflection, he thought he could make a much better job of it than by a public exposure. The results of his cogitations were that by watching the "spotted" the various parties in the habit of frequenting her establishment, and among the first who received visits from him "on account" was The Rev. A. P., and Mr. Richardson. It did not take him long to convince them that he was about as well posted up as to their movements as they were themselves, and he made both parties "bleed" pretty freely to begin with. On several occasions he did make a mistake with other parties, and once or twice had the felicity of having his exultation hastened by the point of a boot applied with considerable force to his person, but he reconciled himself to this little gross infraction, charging an extra per centage on his next customer he came across.

Among the feminine portion of those who called at Miss Harrison's he was very successful; and though a number of them were really respectable, they bribed him to keep the affair secret, as if it did not get wind their reputations could hardly escape free. But perhaps the parties he enjoyed most to levy his contributions upon were Miss Restel's pupils, for in this case he derived as much pleasure as profit, revelling in the charms of these youthful divinities, and by his extortions making their parents pay him for his happiness.

There was just one man that Tom Loring (the interesting specimen of humanity above alluded to) didn't meddle with that one was Frank Beverly. He became a frequenter of the establishment kept by the latter, and it did not suit him to make an enemy of him—he rather courted his favor, and by his shrewdness soon obtained it, becoming an *attaché* of Frank's, who found him a useful and ready tool in assisting him to catch naps and pick up greenhorns. Another reason for Tom's partiality was that he here met many men whom he could with safety play his game on, and cause to "fork out" for his own particular and immediate benefit.

And Frank Beverly had not forgotten Blanche Martagon, the dancer. Madam Restel had the obstetrics which he had found in his service, and he felt more than ever determined to "take down" the reputation of the bright beauty, whom neither his personal appearance nor his money seemed to affect. For he had also tried, and that had failed. What was next to be done?

In the meantime, Blanche Martagon prospered; her beauty and accomplishments added to an unassailed reputation, had secured for her the esteem of the public, who were lavish in their admiration, for once, upon a really deserving object; but she also had numerous enemies, envious of her fair fame, whose venom, by the judicious management of the proprietor of the theatre, was for a considerable time rendered harmless.

A liberal use of gold rendered the critics blind to everything, but her superlative virtues, and they bent their knees before her (or the gold) in fulsome adulation—but the blow came at last. An editor of a daily paper, better known for his love of filthy lucre than his love of truth, out-bought by a party better acquainted with his proclivities, sent forth an article one morning in his despotic sheet throwing out hints and innuendos against Blanche. Then commenced a game at "follow your leader," and in a week's time, with one or two noble exceptions, the New York press was

"down" upon Md'le Martagon. Here her trial began, and the manager's circumspection came to an end. His place was crowded by fast men, young and old, and ladies as gay as they were fair. Without hesitation he accepted all he could get, and poor Blanche was persecuted by the number to whom she was compelled to suffer an introduction, and the pertinacity with which they followed in their attentions.

Among the ladies with whom she became acquainted was Julia Harrison, and she was not long in succeeding, by repeated invitations, in inducing Blanche to visit her, where she met many in the upper class of society, whom she deemed of the utmost respectability: besides, was Miss Harrison herself not one of the select of the city? and did she not in the kindest manner take Blanche by the hand, and by her patronage endeavor to combat the scandals which had been set in motion against her? For this Blanche could not feel otherwise than grateful, and with the growth of their intimacy so did her esteem increase.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. V. A., Detroit.—A man's place of nativity decides what countryman he is; hence, as Heenan was born in Troy, N. Y. he cannot be considered other than an American. In a physical point of view, however, he is part Irish, part American, and part English. The first, because his parents hailed from Erin's Green Isle; the second, because his structure is partly composed of American, beef, etc.; the third, because for the past three years his diet has been of English growth. It is said by ye wise men, that in seven years a man's *corpus* is entirely changed or renewed, so that if Heenan stays in England about four years more, in a physical point of view he may be said to be English. However, it don't make a diff of difference, a man's a man for it.

R. C. E., Troy, N. Y.—"1. In playing cribbage A plays an ace, B a tray, a deuce, B a four, and A another tray. Does A count eight for a double sequence? 2. A plays six of diamonds, and A nine of diamonds. Does A count three for a flush?"

1. No, there are no such things as double sequences. All A was entitled to was three points for the sequence of 2, 4, 3 (or 2, 3, 4) completed by his tray. 2. Flushes do not count in play, but in hand or crib only, so A could not take the three points specified. A must have been a fast cribbage player to make such claims.

DISCARDED, Jersey City.—1. Four fives in cribbage make just the number of points in a hand that you say cannot be made. You were thinking probably of a hand to count nineteen, which cannot be held. 2. There are just as good cribbage players in this country as there are in England, which you will soon discover if you intend travelling on your skill in that game. We believe the English wish to see a fair contest, and will do all in their power to ensure the American's play.

The representatives of the men were to have met on the 25th of November to fix upon some arrangement touching the battle ground, and the manner of reaching it. An attempt may be made to fix the tariff at an unusually high figure, in order to keep away the roughs; but high as it may be, it is certain that many of them will be present, for money will be forthcoming, from some quarter, to ensure a passage for the disturbers of all ring contests. There is said to have been a great deal of betting during the past few weeks. In London, the excitement was intense, and the fever was also very high in Liverpool. The men were keeping themselves quiet, so that the chances of arrest should be lessened.

HARRY OME, Farmers' College.—In playing billiards each party plays his hand out in turn, taking whatever count may be made, whether 3, 30 or 300 at the conclusion of each turn. Playing alternate shots would be a queer way of proceeding, we take it.

G. Q. C., Detroit.—1. Forrest became an actor at 11 years of age. 2. His first part was that of Lady Anne in "Douglas." 3. A biography of him appeared in the CLIPPER of March 16, 1861. 4. There is no regular age set down for entering the profession. You can commence whenever you have a desire.

INQUIRER.—"Did Heenan and Morrissey ever spar together at a public exhibition in Boston?" Yes; at the National Theatre, May 9, 1859, on the occasion of Heenan's benefit. The Benicia Boy realized \$1000.

W. B. H., Germantown, Pa.—For all such material we cannot do better than refer you to the firm of Phelan & Collender, the billiard table manufacturers, whose advertisement is in another column.

P. J. D., 1st Co. Art., Washington, D. C.—Tom Spring never fought a man named Charley Langdale. Probably you mean Jack Langane, and if so, he died at Liverpool, on St. Patrick's Day, 1846.

PED, 1st Ind. Cav., Glymont, Md.—1. Nines seconds by George Seward in England. 2. No official time was given. 3. No—He is not champion of any distance. 4. McCabe informs us he will run for \$250 if his expenses are paid to Washington.

MARION, Philadelphia.—1. We know nothing of the party except that they pay their advertising bills. 2. The lady in question did make a valuable contribution towards the creation of the monument. 3. The lady is dead.

T. W. North Vassalboro, Me.—Tom King licked Jem Mace on the 26th of November, 1862, for \$200 a side and the Champion's Belt, in 21 rounds and 38 minutes.

A. E., Boston.—We do not know sufficient of the M. D. you name to recommend him. Go to any first class physician in your own city and be not afraid.

BOOTS.—As we have several times stated in the CLIPPER in regard to the old sell of "them boots," the loss to the individual is \$45 and the boots.

HOB ISLAND BOY, Newark, N. J.—1. Neither Thomas or "any other man" has ever run 100 yards in seven seconds. 2. We dinna ken.

M. O. H., Fort Lafayette.—There is a good deal of originality about your composition, and were we less crowded, we should endeavor to give one of the poems a place.

N. O. K.—The withdrawal of both men before the day of election annuls the wager, and each man should have his own money returned to him.

F., Newport, R. I.—Address a note to Ned James at this office. 2. Thiodon's Museum of Arts is "on the shelf" and hasn't been exhibited for some time.

B. WHITNEY.—You are entitled to the bet, as Con Orem was the winner by Marley striking him foul. The referee's character is above such meanness as that attributed to him.

J. B., U. S. Monitor Nahant.—1. The U. S. Steamer Niagara carries a larger battery now than she did when taking the "Japs." 2. See advertisement.

J. J. R., Terre Haute, Ind.—Address C. Mackey & Co., an paper advertisement elsewhere.

T. O'D., Newark, N. J.—We think the question an impudent one.

POCONONTAS, Philadelphia.—We cannot publish the sketch at present.

E. H., St. Helena Island, S. C.—Sara Stevens was the name of John C. Meenan's present wife.

STAKEHOLDER.—Politics not being in our line, we cannot decide your bet. We don't know Smithers from a side of leather.

FRANK T.—We have no room to spare just now, "as you may plainly see."

AN INQUIRER, Baltimore.—We cannot find a work as entitled by you.

JACK, York, Pa.—An advertisement of about that length will be one dollar per week.

SPORT.—Bendigo beat Paddock, 49 rounds 5 minutes, foul blow, June 5, 1860.

G. W. E., 9th Regt. N. H. Vols.—We can forward you a set of boxing gloves for a V.

JOHN HAMILTON, Co. C., 1st N. Y. V. Cav.—April 17, 1863.

A. PENNELL.—Oil is never used in conjunction with burnt cork.

R. G. DORMAN, Harper's Ferry.—Have written by mail.

G. G. W., Boston.—Thank you. All right.

T. S. H., Vicksburg.—Your letter arrived too late for this issue.

GOVERNMENT GYMNASIUM AT WASHINGTON.—Abner S. Brady, well-known in this country as a gymnast and founder of the famous 7th Regiment Gymnasium in St. Mark's Place, has receded from that establishment, we understand, much to the regret of his patrons, and goes to Washington to build and conduct a grand gymnasium there at the behest of the government. Verily, Uncle Abe has done a good thing in this instance and may rely on our support in all such wise measures; and while "we mourn our loss" in the taking off of Mr. Brady, we reap ample satisfaction in the thought that it is the nation's gain. In this connection we might state that Mr. Brady has been elected an honorary member of the 7th Regiment, in which he has seen honorable service for nine years, and we hear that complimentary resolutions are being drafted by his large circle of friends and pupils as a token of their respect and esteem for him.

HEENAN'S COLORS.—The colors under which Columbia's Champion will fight, or has fought, the British Lion in the P. R., may be purchased at Thos. Burns', No. 1 Barclay street, or at Joe Coburn's, White House, 113 Grand street.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM HEENAN TO S. D. KEHOE, the King of Clubs, came in care of the CLIPPER by the last mail; thanking Mr. Kehoe for his kindness and consideration in sending him a very handsome pair of clubs to exercise with. Up to that time John C. had been using a pair of oaken clubs of his own manufacture, which, though answering his purpose, were clumsy enough, so that a more *apropos* present he acknowledges he could not have received. Heenan was delighted with them, and while thanking him heartily pays Mr. S. D. Kehoe the highest compliments for his skill in the manufacture of clubs, which have to be so useful and necessary in the proper development of muscle.

JOHN THOMAS AND MCCAULEY'S 440 YARDS RACE.—This quarter of a mile foot race for \$250 a side, came off on the Fashion Track (Monday) afternoon, between 2 and 3 P. M., and was won by McCabe. Full particulars in our next.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

HEENAN AND KING'S PUGILISTIC SET-TO.

Br the time this reaches the eyes of our readers, no doubt the great event between John C. Heenan and Tom King will have been decided by a fair, stand-up encounter. On the 26th of November, the last deposit in their important match was to have been made good at the house of Mr. Richardson, that gentleman being King's representative. Richardson is a man who carries with him a pretty rough crowd, though some of those composing it are, in outward appearance, tip toppers. This crowd follow their leader, and as he does, so do they. Since our last advices from London, we perceive that King has advanced a trif in the betting, several offers of five to four in Heenan being taken by King's partisans, and we hear that six to four is taken quite freely. We should not like to believe, as some do, that this advance in favor of King is attributable to certain giving out of the Richardson crowd. We believe that, if the men are permitted to come together in the Ring, the fight will be decided on its merits, without any outside interference. If a crowd of roughs, in opposition to Heenan, should attempt to interfere while the fight is in progress, we verily believe that there will be one of the prettiest free and easy fights ever witnessed in Great Britain. Heenan is not without friends this time. Thousands of good men in England and Ireland have bet their money on him, and many of them will be at the ring side to *look out for their own interests*, and should any undue pressure be brought to bear against Heenan, there will be a power present to hurl back the intruders, and send them yelping to their kennels. We believe the English wish to see a fair contest, and will do all in their power to ensure the American's fair play.

The representatives of the men were to have met on the 25th of November to fix upon some arrangement touching the battle ground, and the manner of reaching it. An attempt may be made to fix the tariff at an unusually high figure, in order to keep away the roughs; but high as it may be, it is certain that many of them will be present, for money will be forthcoming, from some quarter, to ensure a passage for the disturbers of all ring contests. There is said to have been a great deal of betting during the past few weeks. In London, the excitement was intense, and the fever was also very high in Liverpool. The men were keeping themselves quiet, so that the chances of arrest should be lessened.

Betting has been rather more lively here, the current rates being 6 to 4, and the news that 5 to 4 was being taken in London will make speculation still more brisk. It may be well to caution the public against bogus reports gotten up by sensation papers. Some such swindles, we hear, are already in type, only waiting a proper time to be worked off and sent abroad to deceive people. Beware of such catch-penny concerns.

P.S.—Since writing the above, we are in receipt of the briefest sort of an epistle from Heenan, in which he says that he never felt better, and feels confident of success in the forthcoming great passage at arms. By the same mail he sent a set of his colors to his friend Dan Bryant, of minister fame, who has loaned them to Tommy Burns, mine host of Barclay street, where those who wish can take a look at them.

THE SKATING SEASON COMMENCED.—The cold snap during the first days of the present month placed the lovers of skating on the tip-toe of expectation, and very many began to think that the skating carnival for 1863-4 had commenced in earnest; and on one day, at least, Young America turned out in force in the up town wards and region round about and had a good time on the sliding irons, the ice in many localities having been sufficiently thick to take exercise in that way with safety. The various skating clubs were also spurred to action by the brief visit of Jack Frost, meetings were called, and the managers of the Fifth Avenue Pond advertised their terms for the season, which are five dollars for male adults, two dollars for ladies, and three dollars for lads under fifteen years of age. What the Central Park Commissioners intend doing is as yet unknown to us, but we presume the same facilities, with improvements, will be yielded as during former seasons, and we anticipate a great and glorious time for Gotham's millions in cutting penguin wings and other fantastic capers, including ice and softy tumbling. At the time of writing, however, the weather has moderated, much to the chagrin of skaters, sleighers, slayers of the poor, *id est* coal monopolizers, and other slippery cusses; and in the same ratio, to the comfort of those whose dollars do not weigh 10½ to the ton. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," is a proverb the truth of which is here verified in one of its most pleasant phases, the gentle zephyrs from the south during the last days of the past week, though bringing disappointment to some brought joy to thousands. For our part, although we like to see fun and are advocates of exercise in whatever pleasurable form it may take, we have no regrets, as we skaters can better forgo our anticipated hours on the ice than the poor suffer from a biting frost. When the glassy surface, however, does invite us to disport ourselves thereon, there will be no reason why we should not enjoy ourselves to our heart's content, and the more the merrier say we. The cold snap of the 6th and 7th inst., would seem to indicate that "the good time coming" is about here.

THE BIG \$10,000 FIGHT.

BUT little is added in the shape of news by advices received since our last, but it is gratifying to know that it is satisfactorily progressing, and that no interruption to the passage at arms is anticipated on or before the eventful day. Such information as has come to hand will be found in the following paragraphs from the three principal sporting organs of Great Britain:—

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS SAYS.

"Despite the all-illustrating masters in connection with other fast-accumulating events in theistic circle, we can readily vouch for the fact of this tournament being the A 1 topic of conversation in the upper ten thousand division. The final instalment of £100 a side is to be made good at Mr. William Richardson's, Shorelditch. There can be had King's colors, and likewise Mr. Hendeberg's, Limehouse. Owen Swift, of the Horsehoe, Tichborne street, Haymarket, will supply the trophy 'kerchief of the Benicia Boy.' We have special notice from the training quarters of both men, the whereabouts of which we shall not declare but content ourselves with assuring our readers that both men are fit to fight for the unparalleled stakes now at issue."

"Manhattan," the American correspondent of the Standard, writes thus: but we should be sorry to endorse such preposterous notions:—

"There are many persons in this city much excited about the great match to be fought on December 8th between Heenan and King, for \$10,000, and think it will be a 'fizzle.' I have no doubt about the battle being fought. I have my doubts about the thorough game of Heenan. If I had £1000 to bet, I would bet it upon King. Many of the roughs in London are betting heavily upon King, and should he show signs of defeat, a row may be got up for the occasion, and the fight declared off; but if a row is preserved, and the fight goes on to the end, Tom King will be a winner. If he is, the work in the rounds will show that in the first of the fight Heenan had the best of it, that it was a short fight, and while King received severe punishment, he gave it back with interest."

Our Liverpool representative says:—

"We do not remember so much interest being centred in any pugilistic encounter in Liverpool as that which exists pending the great fight between Tom King and Heenan—more especially at the rendezvous of the friends of John Carmel, Wm. Stent's, Talbot Hotel, Great Charlotte street, Liverpool, and Jen Clarke's Houghton Abby, Houghton street. Crowds flock nightly to Stent's to inspect the American's colors, which are exhibited at the bar."

RELL'S LIFE SAYS.

"As the day draws near for this important affair the excitement increases to an extraordinary extent, and the prospects of the mill being brought off satisfactorily are canvassed with great eagerness in all circles. It had been arranged last week that a meeting should take place at our office on Nov. 19th, to determine on some place where the question could be discussed without interference, but want of punctuality was the rock on which Heenan's friends split, and when they arrived, Richardson, the representative of Tom King, had departed, so the plans we had struck out as likely to be successful fell to the ground, and matters are still in *situs quo*. It is high time now that some arrangement is made, as either of our plans will require much consideration and management. It remains, however, to be seen whether King's friends will agree to either. Owen Swift, on the part of Heenan, has stated to us that the Benicia Boy is quite willing to leave everything in our hands, and has no desire to make it a money-getting speculation by a train, so that we foresee no difficulty whatever in that quarter. We are sorry Owen could not meet Mr. Richardson on Thursday, so that negotiations could have been at once commenced. As it was not to be, however, we shall be glad if the parties will meet at our office at twelve o'clock on Wednesday, Nov. 21st, unless in the meantime some other arrangement or arrangement can be carried out, but each must at present be kept profoundly secret for fear of a discovery, which might lead to interference. As the ring keeping on the occasion, we rejoice to say that a plan is being matured which will take the roughs entirely by surprise, and we have every reason to believe will effectually deprive us of the honor of their company, but how that plan is to be carried out we are not, of course, at liberty to say. We shall next week have a good deal more to say, not only about this important match, but about the prospects of the Ring generally, which will be found important and interesting to all old ring-goers."

The five ties shot off at 3 birds each, resulting in Kendall and Cade again tying, who shot off at 5 birds each, Kendall winning 3 to 1. This series of sports was appropriately wound up by a supper; and the visitors departed abundantly pleased with their trip to Champaign City.

A HEAVY LOSER.—Michael Geary, the well known billiard player, made some very heavy bets to the effect that Boole would be our next Mayor, but unfortunately for him lost, in fact, having bet his whole pile, he is now "dead broke." John Morrissey is also a heavy loser we hear. With his well known energy and perseverance Mr. Geary has set to work with a will to regain his losses in which we hope, as we believe, that he will prove every way successful. In the meantime we would suggest that a billiard tournament for his benefit might be a good thing in the right direction, and now is just the time for it. We shall take great pleasure in aiding and abetting such a project.

CHALLENGE TO SHORT DISTANCE RUNNERS.—W. B. Keller is anxious to run Frank Pfeifer, of Champaign, 100 yards race for \$100 or \$200 a side, to come off within seven days; or he will run any other man in New York or Jersey a half mile race for the same amount in two or three weeks from date. Man and money ready at Phil Mohen's, cor. North 5th and 4th streets, Williamsburg.

CANAL SKATERS—A GOOD IDEA.—The skating fraternity, and those who expect to be interested in this glorious winter amusement, along the line of the great canal, are taking measures already to secure a free track for their exercises. They are endeavoring to secure a regular system of laying up the canal boats for the season, so that they shall all be on one side of the canal. This is a novel but good move, and one of such manifest utility and propriety that we should suppose no boat owner could be found so selfish or intractable as not cheerfully to promote the general good by falling in with the proposed arrangement.

THE SPORTING LIFE SAYS.

"Excepting the final deposit for the great match of 1863, between Tom King and Heenan, there is nothing new on the *laps*, unless it be that as the day draws near, the backers of King take the odds of 6 to 4 more freely. Both are well and so fit, that their respective partisans fancy their man cannot be defeated. The meeting that was to have been held on Nov. 19th, has been postponed until the 26th, when the final arrangements respecting the whereabouts of the mill will be settled. More than one, two, or three modes of transit are in contemplation, but as the difficulties increase day by day, the sooner they are concluded the more chance there will be of the match being decided to the satisfaction of all concerned. There is an immensity of betting in the midland counties, where they follow suit to the London division, and back 'the Sailor Boy.' The final deposit, of

£100 a side, has to be staked on Thursday, November 26th, at the Blue Anchor, Church street, Shoreditch.

ADDITIONAL BUT NOT LATER NEWS.

On the day of going to press the *Sporting Life* of November 18th came in hand. Although it was not so late by three as the above, we clip the following paragraph for the benefit of our readers, as it contains some points of interest to the patrons of the P. R., and to Heenan's friends in particular:—

"The approaching fight between Boole and Heenan commands but little attention in comparison with other sporting events and the fight for the Championship, between King and Ryall. But the all-absorbing topic of the day is the £2,000 fight between King and Heenan, and the question, when friends meet of 'Who is to win?' is heard hourly, and the 'line' of the American, as taken through Tom Sayers, is canvassed with the utmost eagerness. The West-Enders consider the victory of Heenan a foregone conclusion, and wager 6 to 4 with freedom. The sages of the East are equally confident on the other side, and take the odds kindly. Both men are in magnificent health and condition, having left no method untried to bring themselves into thorough condition for the struggle. Several well-known American gentlemen have lately arrived, swelling the ranks of Heenan's co-patriots

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

We have letters for Messrs. Charles Matthews (glass blower), M. T. Skiff, H. S. Ramsey, R. H. Armstrong, John D. Newcomb, R. Graham, H. Dougherty, H. Linden, Fernando Fleury, John A. Ellinger, Geo. Florence, M. B. Leavitt, Frank Paige, D. E. Gavit, Calixta Lavalee, Billy Manning, E. S. Keene, Carlo Patti, Alf. Burnett the Misses Frank Christie, Sallie Benner, Emma Waller, and Mrs. Emily Francis Raymond.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Dec. 7, 1863.

We are rapidly nearing the holidays, for which festive season our youthful friends are supposed to be "saving up," in order that they may make one grand splash in the old year out and the new year in; but "saving up" not, the "festival dealers" are just free and easy with their "theatrical currency" as they ever were before. It's a puzzle to us where the chaps get all their money, for they almost "swallow in it," if you make so bold as to coin such a hogwash expression: the only ground we see for this superfluity of the "outstanding bills" of the manufacturer at Washington, is in the high price of every article for the more enhanced the cost of a good coat, the more good coats you will see parading the streets; and so with provisions—take hash, for instance: when it was cheap, and you could get a crowded plate of it for sixpence, it fell stillborn upon the public appetite; now, that hash is hash, and a good square dish of it costs the consumer fifteen cents, the demand for it is actually so lively that the gentlemen who "chaw it up" and otherwise prepare it for the public palate have really more than they can attend to, and a "chawing machine" is now talked of as being in the course of construction. Just look at the theatres and halls of amusement, too. They're "scattered broadcast o'er the land"—we forget who said that—yet money make them all, if any sort of a fair show at all is given. Stars multiply, managers multiply, and theatres and halls are going up everywhere. Actors want to be managers, the stock wish to be stars, and the people want to be actors. The poor player is now seen in the best advantage, perhaps, because his salary is paid him regularly, and to the outward world he is all gaiety, full of hash, encased in good clothes, and all happiness. The actor is envied; but oh! that the sorrows that blight that heart beneath the actor's undershirt, ne'er wouldst thou want to be an actor. By special request we will raise our warning voice in behalf of the rising generation, thus:—

"You envy me! Wise judges are we of each other—
If hearts had audible language, you would hear—
How mine would answer when you talk of ENVY."

Listen to us, beloved friends, and stage struck youngsters of the outer world. This is a pathetic piece, we are now writing, and there is to be no laughing over it. We remember once, that Billy Burton, the low comedian, appeared in a very serious part, in tragedy; and would you believe it, the people laughed outright at him in the most pathetic passages, and they looked upon his performance that night as the funniest that had ever been seen in him. *"He never played the part again!"* So take warning by the fate of that comedian, and be sure, young men, that you are, who, with fair prospects in life, are ever reduced and dismasted, and willing, my dears, to throw away a certainty of success and competency, because *they want to be actors!* The stage actor only at his best, receiving the plaudits of an admiring audience; or, in his moments of conviviality, the happiest man in the world. Let us raise the curtain, and show another phase in the actor's life. Mankind are naturally prone to judge by externals, and too often envy those whom—could we but know what is passing beneath the smooth and smiling surface—we should most deeply pity. None more strikingly illustrate this truth than the poor player. The stock actor, possessing the education, manners, habits, and feelings of the gentleman, is yet a child of idealism, living in a world of his own creation, peopled only by seraphs, knights, fairies, bad actors, and supes. In outward appearance he is generally gay, careless, and happy; yet none are more continually hurled from the bright clouds of romance to the stern, practical, every day cares and sorrows of real life. Sick or well, gay or sad, night must find him at his post, his part studied, and he ready to enact the *role* for which he is cast; no excuse will avail, no excuse can be received. He must on. The very "friends" who, night after night, have urged him to join in their carousals, will be among the first to have him in the dock, and to inquire how far truthful, is rendered futile by the cry of "Oh! we know he's tight, he's drunk!" Also, too many have succumbed to the alluring snare of conviviality, too many have been unable to resist the constant temptation to indulge in "wine, bright wine!"—one of the actor's greatest trials and dangers—so that there may be some shadow of justice for this harsh judgment. When the actor receives well-merited applause, how many there are to envy him; when he fails, to invest some piece of business with due effect, how many lookers on believe they could excel him; they judge only by externals. It is often the case that the actor who appears upon the stage all life, animation, and vivacity, may hide a bleeding heart beneath the mask—a heart crushed with heavy sorrow or domestic grief. His only child, perhaps, may be dying; he has left his young wife, alone, to watch by the bedside of their loved little one; left her to bear in silent misery of matter over mind, and should be seen to be properly appreciated. It is to be continued this week.

The beautiful Olympia was well attended last week, the new programme—introducing Mrs. Wood as Anna Bracegirdle, in "The Actress"; Mr. Jamison, in his pathetic sketch of the "Stricken Heart"; and Lotty Hough, as Melibritte Ann, in the "Yankee Legacy"—being a decided improvement on the previous bill, and attracting larger audiences. Mrs. Wood has some good, and some bad people in her company; she would have had them all good, if she could have engaged the people she wanted. She has succeeded in getting to her list of good performers, however, and will soon have a splendid company around her, and a great feature. Her "Yankee girl" is about as clever a performance of that style of character as we ever witnessed. She made a great hit as Melibritte, and her song of "Josiah and his Sallie" met with a hearty *encore*. This week, another valuable addition is to be made to the company, in the person of that excellent actor, Mr. John Dyott, one of New York's favorites. He is to make his first appearance this evening, 7th, in a new domestic play entitled "As You Sow, So You Must Reap." This is no so affair, but said to be a capital play. We hope the worthy manageress may reap a plentiful harvest as the fruits of her enterprise and hard work. Several of the members of the Olympia are equal to two-thirds of the stars now traveling through the country; among them we may name Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Lotty Hough, Mrs. Sedley Brown, Mr. George Jamison, Mr. John Dyott, and Mr. W. Davidge; all of whom may be seen at their respective performances. The manageress' grip for the loss of her first born; while he, with aching head and anguished heart, appears upon the stage for a gay and crowded audience. They have come to be amused—have paid their money to be amused. What to them, then, are the poor players and their sorrows? We have known instances of poor girls at the theatre, while at the same time a wife, a mother, sister, or other dear relative, was lying at home in the last agonies of death. In Paris, so we are informed, no matter what the cause may be, if an actor is not at the theatre by a certain time, he is forced there between a file of *gens d'armes*. In some parts of this country, a more potent power is exercised to enforce his presence, and that is, the threatened loss of his engagement. None but the poor stock actor can realize the terror of that threat. Want, penury, misery, loss of wardrobe, debt, all stare him in the face, should he lose his engagement. Though death should rob him of his wife or child, "still must he on." And how often, too, does the poor player become the victim of heartless speculators, of men whose outward appearance denotes the gentleman, but who are rotten within; these strolling scamps (adventurers, not actors) manage to secure a hall or theatre, and at once become "managers." They advertise for a dramatic company. The poor actor is idle; he must take an engagement somewhere, to enable him to keep soul and body together. He knows nothing of these mushroom managers; nay, he even doubts them of their promises; yet he must have employment; he *hopes* to be successful, and that hope he engages with the rest of the scene. Perhaps by disposing of some trinket purchased in his days, or by the sacrifice of friends, he raises the amount necessary to take him the long journey in order to reach his new managers and the scene of his engagement. So long as the genius and labor of himself and the managers of the company, aided by the press, fill the house, the small stipend to which the managers have ground him down, may be paid him; but the moment the incapacity or unpopularity of the speculators cuts down the receipts, that moment the poor player's salary is stopped, and promises are all that he receives, and those, we all know, can never satisfy the appetite; he cannot pay his debts, because he cannot obtain pay for his labor; and, perchance, after suffering every humiliation, his wardrobe is sacrificed to pay his hash and lodging bill, while the rascally managers, who have eloped with all they have received, are living in clover, and arranging plans to bring fresh victims to their traps. The player may have a written contract, but of what avail is it against an irresponsible person? The manager defies him to do his worst, and laughs in derision at his threats. He and his friends, far from wife, and family, and home, despair and madness grip him, and death alone relieves him from all his woes. These are but the few of the actor's troubles, but though we should think to cure such feverish young men, who would sacrifice comfortable positions in life, for the sake of being an actor. Thus, kind friends, if you have succeeded in drawing the sparkling tear drop to your eye, our purpose is accomplished, and we shall enjoy our rye coffee and wheat cakes with all the pleasurable emotions that become the father of an intelligent and interesting family. But to tell the truth, such is awful dry reading, and if it has tired you in the reading, it has tired us in the writing, the "honors are easy," and we'll quit.

Mrs. C. K. Fox's new and original drama, written expressly for the Old Bowery Theatre, entitled "Jack Sheppard and his Dog," was produced at Old Drury for the first time on the evening of the 5th inst., to an immense house, the ticket office being closed at 8 o'clock, as the place was full that it couldn't hold any more, and hundreds were obliged to be left out in the cold. We have had Jack Sheppard on horseback and on foot, but the idea of introducing a dog as one of the principal characters is bold, new and novel, embracing as it does many romantic passions, the like of Jack Sheppard never before used for any drama or novel. History furnished us with the following account of the name, and why for many years pursued the fortunes of Jack Sheppard and John Blaxkinn. On the night when Sheppard escaped from the Fleet Street prison his absence was speedily detected, and the turnkeys set forth in pursuit. Attended to the prison were two dogs, trained to scent criminals. On the night in question one of them was called into requisition, but as he neared the spot on which Jack lay concealed, he ran a nail or thorn into his foot. Jack's humanity got the better of his prudence; he ventured from his concealment and extricated the thorn from the dog's paw. Strange to relate, the animal refused to leave him then, and for years after. Through the many vicissitudes of his romantic life, this dog persistently followed him, and was known to the band as "the Blackskin, the Captain's Dog." Miss Fanny Herring played Jack Sheppard and Walter Linden in a very effective and popular style, and as usual, dressed magnificently. Sadie Cropsy, alias "Dancer," by G. L. Fox, was extremely funny and ridiculous, full of pungent wit and gaiety, and kept the audience in one continual roar. K. F. Fox's Joe Blaxkinn also called forth repeated applause. The Jonathan Wild of Mr. Thompson was not up to his usual standard, owing to a first appearance, which will be easily remedied after playing it a number of times or so. Many of the most active and thrilling scenes were somewhat marred by Mr. Fox's not minding his cues and sticking to the text; but taken all in

all, it has proved an immense and decided success. The principal characters were all called before the curtain on its termination. The piece is full of dramatic interest, and the language of a very high order of artistic merit, reflecting greatly to the fair writer's credit, who occupied a private box on this occasion, and appeared greatly pleased with the performance, considering so short a time was given for its rehearsal. "Jack Sheppard and his Dog" will be performed, with other pieces, every evening throughout the week, and will hereafter rank among the standard dramas of the day.

Passed away to a better world at 9 P. M., the 5th inst., John, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Howard. Little Johnny Howard was but eight years old, but a more promising boy never lived, beloved by all and the idol of his parents and sister, Cora, who occupied a private box on this occasion, and appeared greatly pleased with the performance, considering so short a time was given for its rehearsal. "Jack Sheppard and his Dog" will be performed, with other pieces, every evening throughout the week, and will hereafter rank among the standard dramas of the day.

The "Ticket of Leave Man," by Tom Taylor, was brought out by the Florentines, at the Winter Garden, last week. If we were at all acquainted with that class of convicts, we might enjoy the piece; but we know nothing about them, and that is a drawback to the "Ticket of Leave Man" in this city. In London they know him well, and the piece thrives.

At Wallack's, "Rosedale"—like the fictitious war news in the sensation papers—is to be continued.

At the French Theatre—Niblo's Saloon—parley vous François! eh? out?—"Les Noces de Jeannette," unit "Les Mell Mole de la Rue Meslay," mit der obernemt der osterysterher, das Louis Napoleon, Myself O'Riley, und Landenmiller; mit dos en seien und der ensemblen Stadt Hausen. We are not accustomed to writing such long criticisms in French, our readers may find a little difficulty in comprehending the above, but we can assure them that it's all French, with German variations. The French Theatre is doing well.

Sam Sharpley, manager of Sharpley's Minstrels, and one of the whitest men in the business, was in the city a day or two last week.

Manager Lent, of the Broadway Amphitheatre, has secured the services of the Spanish Brothers, Henrique, Guillaume, and Carlos, who are without doubt three of the most expert gymnasts in the profession. They make their *debut* on the 10th inst., in their act called "La Barra de Resort."

And we'll make plain to every sight, that White is black, and black is White. Should you be from some other land, we'll present you to Miss Sutherland, whose winning ways and thrilling song, never fail to please the listening ear. Should Cupid wound you with his dart, you'll find a cure in Mister Hart, et cetera. Now all this rigmarole is only intended to call your attention to Manager Butler's American Theatre, 444 Broadway, which is one of the cheapest and most popular places of amusement in New York.

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At Grover's Theatre, Washington, the Martineti and Marzetti troupe of pantomimists are meeting with good success.

Mr. W. S. Sistern continue to attract a crowded audience to Ford's Washington Theatre. The play "The Invisible Prince" was produced last week and proved to be a good card. On the 4th, Miss Emma took a benefit on which occasion three excellent plays were produced, viz: "The Colleen Bawn," "The Four Sisters," and "Nan, the Good for Nothing," the house was very full and the *beneficiaire* received a hearty ovation from the bright assembly present.

By the last arrival from Europe, we are in receipt of the sad tidings of the death, on Nov. 14, 1863, of old Joe Cowell, well known in "the days ofuld lang syne" as one of the brightest ornaments of the dramatic world. A few months since, when his granddaughter, Miss Bateman, proposed visiting England, he had a desire to accompany that lady, and have the pleasure in his old age of witnessing the *debut* of his grandchild. We had the pleasure of seeing him just previous to his departure for the old country, and he was looking in the best of health. He arrived in London in perfect health, and had the satisfaction of seeing his hope fully realized in the success of Miss Bateman in the character of Leah. About a day after his arrival he was seized with a severe cold, which retarded the animation of the lungs. Up to within twenty-four hours of his death his physicians gave hope of his recovery. He died in the full possession of his faculties, was perfectly resigned when told by his son-in-law, Mr. Bateman, that it was his medical advisers' opinion that he could not live, and, having given his blessing to those of his children and grandchildren who were present, and spoken of the absent as sharers of his last thoughts, he calmly and peacefully passed away. Mr. Cowell was a favorite with the American public, and the accepted guest in the best society of New York and other cities. In private life, he was an intellectual companion, gifted also with a sharp, satirical, and somewhat sarcastic humor, the sting of which, however, was always blunted by a geniality of manner and frank *bonhomie*, which, like the trenchant satire of Douglas Jerrold, hit the mark but left no wound. He had the rare talent of always saying the right thing in the right place; he had an utter contempt for affectation or assumption, and would crush pretence with a withering sarcasm. In addition to his great social qualities and histrionic talents, he was an excellent musician and a clever painter. His son, the well-known comic singer, "Sam," is at present suffering in England from *severe indisposition*. In his daughter, the mother of Kate Bateman, who was born in Kent, Eng., Aug. 7th, 1792, and died in 1856, we find a most accomplished and successful dramatist of the day. Mr. Cowell was a born naval officer, and the son of a naval officer, and was educated by his parents for the naval service. His early years were spent as a midshipman within one of those "wooden walls" which under the command of such men as Nelson and Collingwood secured for England the supremacy of the sea. For some reason, however, Mr. Cowell thought proper to abandon the navy, and adopt the stage as a profession. He made his first appearance on any stage at Davenport, Eng., January 23d, 1812, as Belvoir, in "The West Indian," first appeared on the London boards at the Drury Lane Theatre, in 1818, as Samson Rawbold, in "The Iron Chest." We subjoin his own account of the evening's performance: "I spoke the words mechanically, but I could neither see nor hear; my mouth was parched; what to do with my hands I knew not; I deposited them in all sorts of places; if both arms had been amputated I felt assured I should have been relieved of an abominable encumbrance. At the close of the first act, after taking a strong glass of grog, I felt confident of success. At the close of the piece I retired amid the unbound applause of a brilliant and over-flowing audience." After the usual probationary practice in the Provinces, which was then deemed necessary for the formation of an actor, Mr. Cowell appeared at Drury Lane Theatre as a low comedian, dividing the honors with Munden and others, of that great school. About 1820 he left "merry England," and arriving safely in New York made an engagement at the Park Theatre, where he made his first appearance on the American stage in October, 1821, as L'Clair, in "The Foundling of the Forest," and Crack, in "The Turnpike Gate," made his first appearance in Philadelphia, as manager of the Olympic Circus, now Walnut-street Theatre, and in connection with the large establishment on Broadway, New York, afterwards converted into what was called Tattersall's, a circus in Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, S. C., and in a few years amassed a handsome fortune. The loss of a deck load of his most valuable horses, on a voyage to the last named city, induced him to turn his attention exclusively to the drama, and he converted the building at the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, into a convenient and spacious theatre; he sent an agent to England to engage talent to support the enterprise; he opened the establishment in September, 1822, after having had the ring altered to fit the American stage, but there was uneasiness. After a few years of successful managing and acting he retired to the West, where making for himself a rural home he had settled down for life. At any time it is painful to part with those we love; but when we see one to all appear in the full enjoyment of health cut down in a moment, it is truly distressing to those who knew him, and "none know him but to love him." But the departed spirit is now at rest, far above the cypress that will be planted there; but at that day the dusty tenant of the evergreen grave will awake in the likeness of Him—the resurrection and the life immortal.

John E. Owen is it said, had a \$700 house at New Haven, Conn., on Thanksgiving.

Annie Senter Langdon turned away people from Lyceum Hall, Milford, Mass., on Thanksgiving night, where she gave a dramatic performance.

H. C. Jarrett has engaged William Warren and Miss Josephine Orton for the "Comedy Combination" for next season.

The German Opera Company, under the management of Carl Anschutz, will visit Boston during the month of March.

Marshal S. Pike, Pender, and Comedy Troupe, with Miss Nettie Kimball, Yankee Glean, and others, are to appear at City Hall, Springfield, on the 7th and 8th inst.

First class dramatic talent, in various capacities, is advertised for by Mr. Plunkett at Fort Wayne, Ind., for a season of three months or more. He is also prepared to make immediate application as instructed in an advertisement in this issue.

The Warren-Denier Ravel Troupe were to open at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 7th inst., for one week.

W. A. Munden's dramatic company closed at Ithaca on the 5th, and were to open at Corning on the 7th for a week.

Hele Western is the star this week at Ford's Theatre, Alexandria, Va.

Kate Denin is at the Buffalo Theatre this week.

Matilda Heron is heronizing at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, this week.

Lucille Western is at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, this week.

Maggie Mitchell did well last week at the Boston Theatre. She remains the present week.

At the Boston Museum, last week, a few benefits came off and were well attended. On the 11th inst. Mr. Warren takes a benefit.

Manager Reach is recovering from his illness.

The Wallack-Farren Alliance was at the Howard, Boston, last week. This week, Avison Yule is the star, opening in "Medea" on the 7th inst.

The opening of the Tremont, Boston, by the "Combination," was not a very successful one.

At the opening of the ship Amazon, Miss Avison Jones and her mother are losers of a variety of articles worth several thousand dollars, on which there is no insurance. A statuette in gold of Shakespeare, many valuable presentation books, articles of virtue, most of them gifts, were lost.

It is said that Edwin Booth and J. S. Clarke are negotiating for, if they have not already purchased, the property known as the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. It is good property, and if well managed, should pay handsomely. It has paid with a bad company, and ought to do much better with a good one. Mr. J. S. Clarke is now playing a successful engagement there.

Johanna Claussen is to appear in an entirely new drama, on the 9th inst., at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia. It is called "The Child of Nature." Johanna seems to be pretty well liked by the child braves.

Mrs. Bowers terminated her engagement at the Arch, Philadelphia, on the 5th inst. The "Great Tragedy Alliance" or "Historical Congress," as "Dramatic Combination," follow Lady the Bridal, with Mr. J. W. Wallack as McLanius, E. L. Davenport as Amintor; and Mrs. Farren as Evadie.

Edwin Forrest appeared in a variety of characters at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, last week, to great houses. On the 7th, he appears as Fehro, in Dr. Bird's "The Broker of Bogota," when Mr. F. will be supported by Mr. W

THE RING.

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.—THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar surpassing in quality. Mr. BURNS will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the BRANCH, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in oriental style. 27.

INDIAN CLUBS AND THEIR USES.—We are glad to learn that the Indian Club is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise, conducing, as it does, to a general development and strengthening of the physical system. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the clubs which Conklin exercised with while training for his late fight with McCole, and which were so highly spoken of by the champion. Clubs of from 4 to 8 lbs., \$4.00 per pair; from 8 to 12 lbs. each, \$5.00 per pair. Dumb Bells, from \$3.00 to \$4.00 per pair. Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER office, New York, or Post Office, N. Y., will receive immediate attention. 34.

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!—Old Bill Tovee, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express, a superior set of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of \$5.00. GLOVES CLEANED AT THE SHORT-EST NOTICE. Address, WILLIAM TOVEE, 31st Street, No. 575 Second Avenue, co. of 35th st., N. Y. City.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION AT HOME—JOE COUBURN and JAMES SAUNDERS wish to inform their friends and the public that they have taken possession of the WHITE HOUSE, 113 GRAND STREET, where they will always be happy to see all the old faces and others who may favor them with a call. The wines, liquors, ales, and cigars, are of the finest quality—not to be excelled in the city. PRIVATE LESSONS IN SPARRING will be given by the Champion. 32.

Private classes every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evenings.

CON OREM AND PATSY MARLEY'S
GLOVE FIGHT AT THE STUYVESANT INSTITUTE, ON THE 24TH NOV., FOR \$100.

OTHER SPORTS—SPARRING, AND CLUBBING.

OREM THE WINNER, IN 42 MINUTES AND 29 SECONDS.
RUMORS OF A MATCH FOR \$1,000 A SIDE.

With Con Orem and Patsy Marley's glove fight came "the first snow of the season," to wit, Nov. 30th. Only a few short weeks ago it devolved upon us to account of a real battle on the playground between wily Pat and glutinous Con; how they fought and bled for strife, glory, and—\$25 a piece, on the 27th of October, "in Delaware, my Delaware," 75 long rounds in 125 minutes, and didn't get through with it after all, as any one can tell who heard the music of the leader messengers of death as the Union Volunteers fired volley after volley at their fellow countrymen and Irish-Americans for not coming to a halt just because they said so. That was indeed a sorry day for John Condie and the Weehawken Game Chicken, "cribbed, cabinet, and confined" as they were within the walls of a dungeon, for simply indulging in a fair hand to hand combat, while men holding high heads are swindling and grinding the poor, and trafficking in blood of their own blood and flesh of their own flesh, without let or hindrance—yet so it is.

Since John and Patrick fought, over a month had elapsed between that and the glove fight, but Con's eyes had not got back their natural appearance nor his hands recovered their original delicacy. Neither Orem nor Marley were satisfied with their first mill, so without delay they got up a New York, where any old rascal in town can find in another place above or beneath the face of the earth—to settle each other's bacon, they made a match to fight a glove fight for a cool hundred, as per announcement last week. We had some little misgiving that the gentlemen in blue might try and stop it, because this sort of thing has been done before now, particularly as the location was on Broadway, the Stuyvesant Institute, called after Dutch Pete, one of the governors of this glorious old Empire State, but they didn't, and there hangs a narrative. (Moral)—Next day was election day.

If anything, the ball was fuller, than at Ned Wilson's benefit, consisting pretty much of the same respectable class of men recorded in the sketch of Wilson's benefit elsewhere. At about 8 o'clock, the ubiquitous Tovee, introduced Mike Nunan and Punch, who merrily contested four rounds and showed no quarters. Leroy and Orem had second place, Leroy holding his right duke and left pin foremost like George Morton, which is quite a novel position, but availed him not as the O.B. gained much the best of it. Milage Cornell and Bill McLain's meeting resulted in a very fine display, the tall young east-ender having the height and reach over the late Jack Tague's right bough; at one pop, Billy gave Milage such a hard hit that he thought that if he did not hear the same music that was knocked out of him, he might in Newark by the learned and skillful Ned Price. It was so smirch that folks in the background couldn't distinguish the difference. Mike Nunan and Jimmy Kerrigan—not the ex-member of Congress, but Dan's younger brother—warmed each other's jackets for the space of four rounds; Jimmy exhibiting too steadily a front for the Brooklyn delegate to make o'ermuch out of him, and making some of the best-timed and prettiest dodges we've seen since Sam Freeman died.

His Royal Nibs, Tovee, here advanced to the hottest part of the battle-ground—the footlights—and requested to know if George Hooke was in the room, as he was wanted on particular business behind the scenes. As very few knew George, we gave Tom the Boatman and John Lawrence the cue, and at once the vast audience were all Roekelton shouting with a healthy vigor for his rookship to show cause, which he finally did to the great delight of Sandy Spencer *et al.* In the language of Forrest in *Metamora*, George thought to himself and the Bitties, "You have seen me for I and have come; if you don't want me, I'll go back again," but he was wanted and in very few seconds the Young Bencila of Brooklyn, Jim Dunn, and Jim Hooke's hands were held in glove, standing toe to toe, "one hand behind the other." Since Dunn fought Elliott he has assumed the proportions of a Colossal, has the build of almost a "trook," and a "crook" put together, contrasting like one of Pharaoh's fat cattle to his lean kine alongside George, who is as spare as a beanpole. Whether Hooke didn't feel so good as the night he sparred the Champion, or whether it was not being used to Dunn's style of sparring we can't tell, but certain it is that Dunn made out better with him than Colburn, getting in some ugly "ould polthogues" on Hooke's left ear and otherwise making himself felt, to the immense gratification of Uncle Phil, and the Brooklyn delegation; Dunn also threw the stranger, causing some slight hissing, as wrestling is generally considered barred out. Hooke tried hard to make a few points, but Dunn was altogether too strong for him.

At the termination a volley of cheers arose that might have been heard by the Army of the Potomac, if it wasn't so far away. Ed Lowery and Jim Hanley followed the big 'uns in a very tolerable set-to. "The next song will be a dance," used to be an old saying among the boys when anything unexpected turned up at a concert hall when some of the inevitable barrelled tenors were indisposed, but it had to be discontinued, as there was no room in a master hall for a place of "scrapping," such Harry Hill. Through the Indian war club exercise with a pair of Kehoe's 20's and 30's, swinging the two twentys, one in each hand conjointly, over seventy times, and then the thirtys, twenty-seven times over his head. Mr. Russell then volunteered to keep the pot boiling, and gave a very clever illustration of their proper use with much gracefulness of action, by swinging a pair of tens; next he took hold of the twenties, and stimulated by the cheers of the audience, who seemed anxious for him to beat Harry Hill, threw them twenty-six times, and the thirty pounds twenty-two times amid the greatest enthusiasm, which so preyed on Harry's mind that he rushed out, grabbed the big wooden monsters by the nap of the neck, and with a display of strength which fairly astonished the hissers, shattered them around very lively over fifty times in succession! It was so intent on getting even that he said if the other man swallowed a thirty pound club he would do the same!

As the time had now arrived for the event of the evening, the glove fight, all necessary preparations were made to have it as much like the real thing as possible by the selection of a referee, seconds, and umpires. When Con Orem from behind the scenes stripped to the waist, with buckskin breeches and balmoral shorts, he divested a handkerchief which he had tied around his waist, but wore a dark pair of trousers instead of the usual rig. Orem had Mike Conlin for his umpire, and Bill McLain and Jim Hanley for seconds. Marley was attended by his cousin, Tommy Churchill and Ed Lowery, while Mike Nunan was selected for his umpire. Mike Trainer was mutually agreed upon as referee. The seconds having relieved themselves of all superfluous clothing, and provided water and sponges, soon after ten o'clock Mr. Tovee introduced them; they shook hands in the most cordial fashion, and put themselves in position for THE GLOVE FIGHT.

In the first round Marley got to Con's right eye so quick and hard that the Colorado was taken aback, and the Hibernian, like Wellington's sharp shooters at Waterloo, was up and at him again, this time landing his left dute on Con's title page, but copped it twice from the latter's left on his broad distal and right on the nap of the neck, with a curving Parry, and a St. Patrick, trying to get him the hip, but the curving Parry was too sharp. The second round Marley again got down, laughing all over his face. In the second round Con had got his mad up, and went for Patsy in a style so earnest and mistakes George's position showed him to be an expert, and when they met at it, he kept Sir Joseph pretty busy at stopping and gave him a pretty tight brush. We were sorry to observe the Champion's angry passions rise once or twice, and pleased with the good nature of George. Very little standing out occurred, as the Champion quickly closed it, and by his superior strength slightly gained the advantage; he also threw Hooke once. So greatly was this set-to appreciated, that they were encoraged and did it again. Had Hooke twenty or thirty pounds more of bone on his body, it would have been a more even thing. The affair created a vast amount of excitement and has been the talk of the town ever since. We hope to see Roots oftener, for in his first appearance he has made a palpable hit.

The grand finale was between Ned Wilson and Hen McDermott, familiarly known as "Bricks," in honor of his occupation as a builder. They sparred four or five rounds. Ned rushing in on Harry and receiving and giving a few of the right sort of hits,

peak, but making a miss, John C. ducking his nob, with "No you don't, Patsy!" Getting within distance again, they contested every inch in the most plucky manner, and, after hit for hit, Mr. Marley got in an attitude of devotion very cleverly. A description of all the rounds is more than we can make room for, although a better glove fight was never contested in the country. Orem showed nerve and backbone of the thorough game cock breed, standing up like a man, and showing very visible marks of Marley's handwork on both of his eyes, yet, owing to the state of his hands, not being able to make his hits tell; except a slight abrasion on the forehead, Marley didn't show a mark. Patsy's style is for all the world like that of Yankee Sullivan—he is full of tricks and dodges, almost invariably dropping when in danger. Seeing this state of things was to be, Orem's seconds advised him to fall on Marley, which he did a time or two; but when "Erin go bragh" found out his little game, he slipped from under Con thought he had him pinned down. At in-fighting Orem showed himself very effective, but if he was to hit out straight and avoid ducking his nob before going to hit, it would be all the better for himself, as he leaves his hand entirely to the mercy of an expert "upper-cutter," who would be slow to take advantage of such an opening. The Quodians, however, gave Orem a good square fall. At last they came down side by side, like the troad of his broad back, saying, "You're a good man."

Owing to the absence of either railings or ropes, Marley's politeness helped off the stage by one of Orem's famous right-hand licks, and, in recompense, Patsy gave Con "one for his nob," which helped him to the edge of the stage; but seeing the picket he had got into, Con gave a leap about six feet and landed amongst the audience right bang on Scotty and Tom the Boatman, who looked as surprised as if they'd been hit with a riotous brick. This, of course, created the highest kind of fun at their expense. In the 25th round, after they'd been fighting and wrestling fast and furious, with their seconds all at it themselves, and the audience red hot for any kind of sport, with or without gloves, Patsy, excited beyond measure, hit Con such a well as he lay full length on the floor that no referee could overlook, and the fight was therefore awarded to Con Orem, which so elated the conqueror of Enoch Davis that he turned a somersault on his head right on the stage.

A scene of excitement immediately ensued, and a rush was made to get a glimpse of the heroes, as well as to learn the result, as considerable money had been bet on it. Elated with his success, drenched with water, and with both eyes "none the better for seeing Marley," Con waved his arms for silence, and publicly gave out that he would fight Patsy Marley for \$1,000 in three months time. Marley had given the word of honor to his mouth, Patsy said "Good-bye," I've agreed to stake it now, and that's the fan of it!" Tommy Churchill then jumped on the next night, the match could be made without further trouble and cheers were given for the two game boxers, who the more they fight the more they want to fight, and thus ended the most exciting glove fight ever seen in the city. We have not heard of their making a fresh match, and as Mr. Orem is anxious to return home for a few months, it isn't likely anything definite will be done till next spring.

THANKSGIVING AMONG THE PUGS.

EDWARD WILSON'S GREAT BENEFIT.—A more aristocratic audience than the one at the Stuyvesant Institute on Thanksgiving night, for a sparring exhibition, is seldom seen. To see such "style," was the subject of much remark among the regular "habitues," but it may be accounted for in various ways. It being a holiday, people must go somewhere, and when they couldn't crowd into Lent's Larders, Van Amburgh's Menagerie, the theatres, or halls of amusement, go to the boxing-ring. It is to be observed, however, that their curiosity has been satisfied, and it was their first and last, but one thing is certain, they all "stayed it out," which is more than folks do at some of the theatres. Then again, the popularity of Mr. Wilson is in itself enough to secure a full house, when his friends knew that at this particular time \$300 or \$400 was as good to him as any other man. No man could ever have better workers than had Ned, as he knows himself, when men of power and influence like Bill O'Bryan take enough interest to dispose of tickets. Con Fitzgerald's late opponent friends also acted very honorably, and did all in their power to put greenback ointment on Edwin's wounds.

Knowing what a difficult matter it is generally to get a good seat from lack of accommodation, we arrived quite early, but instead of finding a barn, like most of the so-called halls used for a sparring exhibition, it was a fine room, the only objectionable feature was the highness of the stage, making it dangerous work to spar in any part of the house, the only objectionable feature was the highness of the stage, making it dangerous work to spar without a railing or ropes around it. Quite satisfied with the looks of things, and giving a salut from Tom the Boatman, asking, "How's the fan?" it was Patsy's turn to do the same, and "How's your poor feet?" our modesty caused a masterly retreat. In good order, across the street into a noted music hall, where we found shelter in the arms of a pretty water girl with cork screw ringlets. A deputation having been sent from the Institute, headed by Billy Bonchon, of "Hewock," N. J., to arrest all conscripts, nothing would do but return from whence we came, just in time to look around and see who was there; these are the names of a few only—Edwin James, the Q. C., and Thomas Dunphy, his partner; Tommy Burns, of the Nautilus Branch; Captain Michael Norton, U. S. A.; ex-Councilman Jimmy Burns; Tom Walsh, surnamed the Corpulent, whose brother Billy, is one of the most popular young politicians down town; Joe Coburn, the Man in White and friend of Sir Francis Book; Gov. Tait and Capt. Block, of the Home Guards; Con Foley, the Roman-nosed sporting policeman, wearing a terrific moustache, curled a la Napoleon the Third; William Alaire, Professor of Gymnastics; Harry Hill, of Club Room notoriety; John Burke, Champion of New South Wales, a second Australian Kelly to look at; Detective Elder, keeping one eye on the show and the other on the "guns"; John Hogan, the bantam-sized and digger-like Jim Conlin, and John Dunn, the young giants who tried each other's mettle last summer, when the Jersey Plug Uglies made a raid out that way and took many prisoners, ammunition, horses and vehicles; Izzy Lazarus, "fair, fat and fifty," with a smile and sociable chat to "one and all" as Tovey says; Sim Kehoe, the Indian Clubbist; John Lawrence, trainer of Morrissey and Fitzgerald; Watty, poet-laureate, long and slender; Patsy Curry, from the First Ward; Hugh Murray, from the Banner Ward, who swore by Godfrey Gunther, Jim Coburn, Johnny Keating, Johnny Morris, Harry Clark, Barney Aaron, Mike Trainer, Jim Corbett, Morris Fitzgerald, Tommy Meakin, and, to make a long story short, *et al omnes genus*, which being interpreted, meaneth, "and every one of that sort."

Having given the overture, let us now as briefly as possible—for space is space now-a-days, and the CLIPPER has to leave part of its precious cargo on the dock for the next trip nearly every voyage—dispose of the gladiators and their feats of skill and strength. First of all came two young fellows of the dead and dumb persuasion, introduced by the facetious Mr. Tovey as two friends "who wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole." They were evidently not "in" fashion but created much laughter by their comical antics. The second combatants were two men of the same sort, only considerably cleverer than the others, one of whom was sent flying off the stage from a terrific right-hand delivered by the one in a fancy blue shirt. This, if possible, created more sport than the other, owing to their propensity for wrestling and keeping the pot boiling when both were lying flat on the ground. The third match on the programme was between Jim Hanley and Mike Nunan, one of the smartest boys in Brooklyn, resulting in a very spirited and clever display of the science. Young Drunkoole and Johnny Carman took the third position, Drunkoole's superior strength being decidedly apparent, and giving him an advantage, although Johnny stood up to the rack manfully, and never blinked. The fifth pair were Milage Cornell, and Johnny Brummel of the sparring room, and John Condie Orem of Colorado, who have frequently sparred together before and know each other's points; they were pretty evenly gaited, and the bold John Condie in the last round made up to the rack manfully, and never blinked. The sixth pair were Dunn and Jim Hanley, and in this the former was the clear winner. Dunn fought with a pair of 20's and a pair of 30's. After the cheaping had subsided, delivered by the one in a fancy blue shirt. This, if possible, created more sport than the other, owing to their propensity for wrestling and keeping the pot boiling when both were lying flat on the ground. The third match on the programme was between Jim Hanley and Mike Nunan, one of the smartest boys in Brooklyn, resulting in a very spirited and clever display of the science. Young Drunkoole and Johnny Carman took the third position, Drunkoole's superior strength being decidedly apparent, and giving him an advantage, although Johnny stood up to the rack manfully, and never blinked. The fifth pair were Milage Cornell, and Johnny Brummel of the sparring room, and John Condie Orem of Colorado, who have frequently sparred together before and know each other's points; they were pretty evenly gaited, and the bold John Condie in the last round made up to the rack manfully, and never blinked. The sixth pair were Dunn and Jim Hanley, and in this the former was the clear winner.

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He doesn't profess to be much of a sparring, and with such an active and clever boxer as McDermott is acknowledged to be, he performed very well. We are right glad to record that he has made quite a sing little pile out of the benefit, and that he intends to start a saloon in the city the present winter. After the sparring, Joe Coburn, John Borst, and several others, took a turn at the clubs.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

GAMES MILL
BETWEEN

THEATRICAL RECORD

Continued from Page 276.

DRAMATIC.

at Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, to a close on the 5th inst., and James H. Hackett is the star this week, opening in Falstaff on the 7th inst.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, the "Sea of Ice" was put on for the week ending Dec. 5th; it drew very fair houses, and was very well produced. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Conway doing the leading business. This couple had a benefit on the 4th inst. The stock company at the Metropolitan has received additions in the persons of J. B. Fisher, Simon Lee, Hattie Arnold Lee and Mr. and Mrs. Irving.

MUSIC HALLS.

Dick Sands appeared at the Buffalo Music Hall on the 8th inst. Kate Fisher commenced a second engagement at Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, on the 3d inst. Harry Leslie also put in an appearance.

Miss Sinclair, the pleasing *dameuse*, has been confined to her home in this city for several days past, through the effects of a severe cold, that has rendered her almost speechless. She is now convalescent, however, and expects to be able to commence her engagement at the Washington Varieties on the 8th inst., where we doubt not she will fascinate the young bloods by her performances on the light fantastic note.

The Syro-Arabic Troupe of Male and Female Gymnasts continue at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh.

Kate Fisher is doing a very good business at Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis. Managers wishing to engage this lady must make application to her agents, Messrs. Conner & Co., of this city.

An excellent opportunity is offered in our advertising columns by Messrs. Desch & Co., of York, Pa., for a good banjo player, female vocalist, and ladies for the *tablett*.

Fanny Wilson, the well-known impersonator of Grecian statuary, commenced at the New Idea, Newark, on the 7th inst. Managers of first-class Halls wishing to secure this lady, can do so by addressing her sole agents, Messrs. Conner & Co.

The Melodeon, York, Pa., commenced the season on the 30th ult., when a full house was present to witness the pleasing performances there given. Quite an addition has been made to the talent in the old company in the persons of J. S. Berry, the competent stage manager; the Misses Kate and Mattie Sinclair, *dameuses*; and Miss Louis Evans, comic vocalist and concert singer.

At the New Idea, Newark, N. J., business has continued good. On the 4th inst., a complimentary benefit was tendered Stage Manager J. H. Taylor, when a most excellent programme was presented. Messrs. Penny and Ashton concluded their engagement on the 8th inst. On this occasion a match dance took place between Master Golden of this city, Master Johnny of Williamsburgh, and Miss Healey of Newark, for two prizes; the first was a champion belt valued at \$25, and the second was a silver goblet, the gift of the Melodeon. The belt was awarded to Healey, and the cup to Master Golden. Hank Mason is underlined.

At Hamlin's Varieties, Washington, quite an interesting affair came off on the evening of the 4th inst., which was the inaugural celebration of the second year of that popular establishment. On this occasion Miss Cherry Petrie delivered a prize address, written expressly for the occasion. A brilliant display of fireworks took place in front of the hall in the early part of the evening, and the host of performers attached to the place all did their utmost to make the occasion a happy one.

At the Canterbury, Washington, the manager produced last week the drama of "Rachel Ryland," which is said to have been well placed on the stage. In addition to this, Miss Kathleen O'Neill, the Irish comic vocalist, has proved a great card, for she has succeeded in attracting many new faces to that establishment nightly. Miss Ernestine De Falber, the beautiful *dameuse* and vocalist, and the numerous corps of Ethiopian performers all contribute to lend a helping hand towards giving a good evening's entertainment.

The Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia, has shut down on the pretty waltz girls, and thereafter no waltz girls will be employed in the interests of that establishment. What does it all mean? Does the Continental feel that the Legislature will shut up all places that do not shut down on the girls? ... James S. Maitiff is on the bills this week; so also is Bartholomew, both good pantomimists. Verrecke remains there.

Mr. Long, of Long's Varieties, Philadelphia, is having a gallery added to his hall, which will accommodate two or three hundred spectators. It will be completed in a couple of weeks, it is thought.

At Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, Md., last week, those very attractive stars, Galletti and Mons. Tophoff, were the chief attractions. Their re-appearance was hailed with crowded houses every night they appeared. This week those very clever gymnastic performers, Messrs. Penny and Ashton, commence an engagement.

Bob Butler and Amelia Wells have made a most favorable impression at the Albany Music Hall.

At Lea's Melodeon, Detroit, business continues first rate. Fred Shaw has become a great favorite, singing some of the most popular comic songs of the day. The rest of the company have also become standard favorites, and each in his respective role is considered a good card.

Kathleen O'Neill included one of the most successful engagements in the list played since her arrival in this country, at the "Canterbury," Washington, last week. Her appearance on the stage was always the signal for a good round of applause. She is to return there in a few weeks. On the 10th, 11th and 12th inst., she sings at Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, in conjunction with the Thespian Dramatic Association. Kathleen is a great favorite in that city.

Annette Galletti, Mons. Tophoff, Julia Mortimer, Millie and Clara Fowler, and W. Emerson, were all announced to make a first appearance at the "Canterbury," Washington, on the 7th inst.

Emma Marsh and Willis Armstrong are added to the attractions this week at Hamlin's Varieties, Alexandria, Va.

At the Washington Varieties, on Tuesday evening, the 1st inst., after Mr. J. Budworth had finished his second banjo song, a tremendous call was made for a song about "Little Mac." Mr. Budworth politely informed the audience that the authorities had given orders that no one was to sing about McClellan, but his heart was there all the same. This did not satisfy the people, as they were louder than ever in their demands. Mr. B. again came forward, and explained that if he sang on the subject he would be discharged, and then the matter ended.

SCROOGE MINSTRELS.

Hooley's Minstrels over in Brooklyn still continue their marked career of popularity. Their performances are listened to nightly by crowded houses, and peculiarly and otherwise the enterprise is a great success. Among the recent additions to the already excellent troupe, we notice with pleasure the name of Mr. G. Parker, whose ballad singing constitutes one of the most pleasing features of the entertainment offered. Possessing a rich, sweet voice, fine taste, and good powers of execution, it is no wonder that he has become so great a favorite in such a brief period. Manager Hooley offers a rich programme this week, replete with many new acts, both comic and sentimental.

Ned Maher, formerly with the Buckleys, and lately with Geo. Christy, has left the last named party, and is at present idle.

Messrs. Bostwick, Smith and Chadduck leased Wyman's Hall, St. Louis, and have opened it as the B. S. and C.'s Opera House, with a minstrel company.

Campbell's Minstrels keep on in the even tenor of their way, rejoicing over a good run of business. They are doing the ghost business, and it proves a great card. On the 1st inst. they were at Lafayette, in the thence to Vincennes, Indianapolis, and Louisville, for a week.

Sam Sharpey's Minstrels were at Elmira, N. Y., on the 4th and 5th inst., and were to go thence to Troy, Pa., on the 6th, and Williamsport on the 9th and 10th. They expect to appear shortly at Albany and Troy. His business so far this season has been fully equal to that of last, and on many occasions the halls have been found too small to hold the crowds anxious to gain admittance.

H. Rumsey's Minstrels opened at Louisville on the 5th inst., for one week.

Duprez and Green's Minstrels put up their mammoth poster, consisting of thirty-five sheets, New York size, for the first time at New Haven, Conn., last week. On the 3d and 4th, the company were at Newburgh, N. Y., and had two big houses. On the 5th, they invaded Elizabeth, and turned people away. On the 7th, 8th and 9th, they were to show at Newark, N. J.

Messrs. Duprez and Green, the well known "ing" managers, are in want of an experienced violinist, one who can act as musical director and play B or E flat cornet in the brass band. Any party competent to fill the above "posish" can do so by addressing me as per advertisement.

St. Martin's Minstrels were at Reading, Pa., on the 4th and 5th inst., and were announced to sing at Pittsfield on the 7th and 8th inst. Harry Sprague is now plotting the troupe.

Childers, the "Zouave," is now with St. Martin's Minstrels.

A new musical burlesque, which has been long in rehearsal, entitled "A Big Thing on Ice," will shortly be brought out by the Buckleys in Boston, at a cost, it is said, of \$3000.

Charley Pettingill, the "Albany Pet," is still engaged with the Buckleys, and is fast becoming a favorite with the Bostonians.

A very pleasing incident, not set down on the programme, occurred at Morris Brothers, Dell & Trowbridge's (Ethiopian) Opera House, Boston, on the evening of the 5th inst., when one of the warmest and most hearty welcomes home was given to Billy Morris on his return from Europe that was ever the lot of "any other man" to receive. As our informant took part in the reception, we take the liberty of quoting his statement, as follows:—

"Billy Morris returned on Saturday at 6 A. M., from Europe.

Mrs. Billy Morris, Lou Morris, John Dell, Eph Horn, Trowbridge, and myself, were at the depot to meet him. Notwith-

standing he came rather early, we were prepared to meet him, and in changing our clothes, many times, to his health right in the depot amongst all the passengers. In the evening John and his wife went to the show to see "The Red Gown." After the first part was about half through and just as Eph was telling one of his gags, the audience got sight of Billy and commenced saying, "There is Billy," and one gentleman got up and moved that three cheers be given for him, and they were given with a will, including a "tiger." Billy made a few remarks, when Eph proceeded to say that he thought they were meant for him, a very apparent joke that took. See my connection with the profession I never saw so much enthusiasm shown for one man, and it ought to make Sir William feel proud."

The Buckleys' present a strong bill this week at their opera house, Boston. The "Much Abused Treviators" has been revived with success.

Newcomb's Minstrels opened at Mercantile Hall, Memphis, last week, and played to good business.

CIRCUSES.

Lake's Circus pulled up stakes at Nashville on the 29th ult., and left for the North. They did very well while there. Mr. W. Luster was accidentally shot in the hand while in the ring, the shot having been fired by some soldiers that were fighting on the outside. The wound, though painful, is not dangerous. Levi J. North informs us that he has disposed of his interest in the Lake show and wishes to purchase an interest in another concern. The company was at Bowling Green, Ky., last week, and expected to go thence down the Mississippi River. Levi's old trick horse Tammany died about six weeks ago on John Robinson's farm, at Attica, in his twenty-sixth year. Mr. North had him nineteen years, and he was considered one of the best broken horses in the country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Robert Heller, the well-known pianist and magician, whose "second sight" mystery excited such profound astonishment, and who was one of the most accomplished pianists in this country, expired a few days since at Alexandria, D. C., of tetanus, brought on from the effects of an accident upon the Baltimore and Washington railroad. The cars ran off the track, and the one occupied by Heller was upset, when an iron bolt was driven through one of his feet.

Father Kemp's Old Folks sing at Detroit on the 10th inst., and remain two nights.

The following complimentary notice to Mr. George Mankin, the great American whistler and balancer, we clip from the *Gascons Union*.—"This gentleman, now the principal star attraction of the *Gayety* Music Hall, Albany, we consider unapproachable in his peculiar line of business. As an imitator of the mocking bird, the tife, cat's rights, and a toad, he is continually keeping the house in roar of laughter. While his feats of balancing are among the few that are thought feasible of impossibility, Mr. Mankin upon his chin balances a whole wagon load of chairs, also a single chair with a boy on top of it, and greatest of all, a platform covered with chairs and large enough for four men to sit on, and a boy on top of one to draw. He must be seen to be appreciated. We consider Mr. Mankin making of any establishment that has the good fortune to secure his services. Managers of first-class theatres and concert halls will enter this in their note books."

The citizens of Troy, N. Y., can now boast of as fine a hall for all kinds of entertainments as any city of its size in the country.

Mr. William Van Arnum has just completed the erection of Griswold Hall, which is very centrally situated, and is prepared to negotiate with exhibitions of all kinds for its occupancy by the single night or week. The inauguration will take place on the 1st of January. Parties requiring this hall will make a note of the "ad." in another column.

JIMMY GRIFFIN TO MCCABE AND OTHERS.—This Boston ped. is open to run James McCabe, Matt Cassidy, Young Sport, all of New York, and Ben McCormick, of East Cambridge, Mass., a five or ten mil. race, for \$300 to \$300 a side. \$25 will be forwarded to the CLIPPER office as a forfeit if any one accepts, the remainder to be put up as agreed upon by both parties. The race to take place half way between Boston and New York, if accepted by either of the New York parties, and in Massachusetts will be held in Boston.

On the 24th of September, Miss Joey Gougenheim made her first appearance on the Adelaide boards, South Australia, in the part of Nell Gwynne, in the comedy of "Court and Stage," and her reception was of the most enthusiastic description.

The Christy's Minstrels have scarcely been successful in drawing crowded houses, which was expected, at the Princess Theatre, Dunedin, New Zealand, during their short engagement. The circumstances, it is said, are due a great deal to the severity of the weather, and not a little to the raising of the prices of admission, a resolution of the management which has twice had the same result.

Frank Drew commenced a short engagement at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, on the 14th ult., during his last one in that country previous to his departure for America.

Mr. E. T. Smith is now the lessee of the Ley's Amphitheatre, London, having signed an agreement for a term of years. Already some extensive and important improvements have been made, and on the 26th inst., a grand *comedy* pantomime will be produced, in which Mr. Edwin Edwards, the popular clown, will make his first appearance in London. He has been in the *Alhambra* for two years, having during that time, performed in "Faust" and the melo-drama of "The Last Bullet," with the interlude of "A Nice Young Shaver."

The London *Evening Star* says that the "Alhambra" is prospering, with the immense "puising" as well as a talent of Miss Bateman in the drama of "Leah."

At a fire that occurred in London, on the 14th ult., Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Phelps, of the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells, were greatly losers, as most of their stage wardrobe, besides private clothes, books, etc., were being destroyed and no insurance.

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Mr. Charles Dillon's engagement at the Adelaide, South Australia, terminated on the 19th of Sept., and it was a brilliant and successful one.

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AMUSEMENTS.

BRITANNIA'S OPERA HOUSE,
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SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-REKNOWNED
BRITANNIA'S MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TRAUMA OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following Talented Artists:—
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T. GETTINGS, JAMES MORRISON,
JAMES GARATAGUA, G. S. CONNOR,
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LITTLE MAC.

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation
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Tickets of Admission 25 cents. 32-47

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From their Opera House, Washington, D. C.,
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FIRST GRAND MINSTREL TOUR.
Through the Eastern States and British Provinces.
THE BEST COMPANY NOW TRAVELLING.
18 STAR PERFORMERS.

TRIUMPHANT ABOVE ALL OTHERS.
Talented Artists and a responsible Management, make this Company the Finest Band in existence.

No outside Performers employed; none but the very best Talent engaged.

M. T. SKIFF.....Proprietor.
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Prof. J. TANNEBAUM.....Musical Director.

HIGH DADDY.
The above named Company consists of the following well known and truly talented Artists:—
First in the ranks stand the unrivaled and unapproachable Clog Dancers.

TIM HAYES and SAM HAGUE.
M. AINSLEY SCOTT, late of Duprez & Green's Minstrels.
LOUIS GAILLARD, D. COLLINS,
JOHN PUDDELL, J. H. REED, J. W. CHARLES,
J. H. CARLIS, WM. DE HART,
W. H. SCHAFER, T. SMITH,
E. J. TANNEBAUM, W. TAYLOR,
P. ARDELLA, T. WILLIAMS,
F. R. BROWN, T. WILLIAMS.

Will Perform in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New Haven, Boston, and all the principal cities in the Eastern States, for a short season, in order to give time for the repairing of their Opera House.

DICK O'NEIL, Business Agent.
HARRY SPRAGUE, Assistant Agent
* * * ALL OPPORTUNITY PARTIES, unless RED HOT, take a back seat. 33-47

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GYMNASTS, OR CLOWNS.

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MORNINGSTAR'S MINSTRELS
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THE GREAT SOUTHWESTERN MINSTREL ORGANIZATION.
The most versatile combination of Ethiopian Comedians, Vocalists and Musicians ever concentrated in any one Company. Each performer selected for his own superior vocal talents.

Proprietor.....CHAS. A. MORNINGSTAR,
Stage Director.....D. W. COLLINS,
Musical Director.....Prof. JAMES OTIS.

The following well known gentlemen comprise this Excelsior Troupe:—John Hart, W. E. Manning, J. H. Stout, Dan W. Collins, Fred Sprung, Gus Wallace, H. Horner, Joe Childs, James Otis, E. Parmenter, Arthur Kennedy, H. Hull, B. Whittom, R. H. Armstrong, C. A. Morningstar, and Fred. Rhinebold, in new and original portraits of Darkey Life as only performed by this company, will visit Columbus, Ohio, on the 23d of November; thence to Wheeling, and Pittsburgh.

33-47 R. H. ARMSTRONG, Agent.

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Walnut street above Eighth, Philadelphia.

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In future
NO WAITER GIRLS. NO WAITER GIRLS.

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MAMMOTH COMPANY OF 100 PERFORMERS,

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30-47 JAMES PILGRIM, Stage Manager.

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C. M. CHADWICK.....Proprietor.

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34-31*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—Our hero is "born of poor but etc. parents." His farewells to them. He is befriended by an English "Knuck," and soon rivals his patron in sneaking meanness. "Tis a long rope which has no end. The thief is caught, tried, and convicted.

THE SAILING OF THE CONVICT-SHIP. Affecting adieu between the felon and his preceptor. "In America we'll meet again." "How are you, Ainsdale?"

TABLEAU.

ACT II.—THE ESCAPED CONVICT'S ARRIVAL IN AMERICA.

He resumes his light-fingered manipulations, and gains much notoriety among his "pals." Gets a start in life, and opens a bawdy concert-room on the "water-girl" plan. Thinks he can do better in another location, and takes a decisive method of getting rid of his old concern and a prospective rival at the same time. The act closes with a GRAND CONFLAGRATION OF HIS MUSIC HALL, and the flight of the incendiary.

ACT III.—A FREE CONCERT AND LAGER-BIER DIVE IN PHILADELPHIA.

The "Knuck" assumes managerial prerogatives. Is disappointed in trying to swindle a gentleman, and is again in "Limbo." Sentenced to the Penitentiary, he escapes by an "Artful Dodge," but his respite is only a short one, as his chickens begin to "come home to roost." Beware of SINN.

He tries "Black Mail." It keeps him floating on the surface of his nastiness for a while, but he finally sinks beneath the loathsome accumulation of his own misdeeds. He lets his performers go when he has "no further use for them," and they never come back; or, if they do, it is after the salaries which they never receive. A "BELLIE" AND A "LIGHT." The "Knuck" shows his bravery, and belies the assertion that he is not "game," by hiring a gang of ruffians to attack him. The "Knuck" is vanquished by the redoubtable REYNARD, vanquished an unarmed and aged Dutchman. The parties of the day team with the brilliancy of this exploit. Beauregard's first attack upon Fort Sumter could scarcely equal it. "He never lets out performers," because nobody asks him to; the reputation of his place being sufficient to destroy the fair fame of any one who appears there. Managers are shy of his stock.

The remainder of the Synopsis will be published soon; the Manager of Canterbury, however, would take this occasion to say that "the piece will wind up" with an impressive Tableau, representing the punishment which an unmitigated scoundrel is sure to receive.

Among other incidents which will be sure to be recognized by the public, as founded upon facts, a certain GAS operation will be treated upon; also, a transaction, the particulars of which kindly been furnished by MR. SCHUYLER, and, to give proofs of the historical accuracy of this great piece, a list of thirty or forty names of the sly one's victims, with the amounts of salaries, etc., out of which they have been swindled, will be published as soon as completed. Look out for a sensation.

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33

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The Distinguished Young American

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